

# BANNED! In 46 Countries!

WILL SCHRAEDER'S

# VIDEO MANIA!

#2

(in tone I am THE CORPSE CHINNERS,  
the very decented David  
BLOODEATERS, the very decented David  
BLOOD in THE HOUSE ON THE EDGE OF THE  
PARK, Bob Clark's IT CAME FROM THE  
GRAVE (WIGHTWORLD), TWISTED THROAT,  
NIGHT OF THE SICKLES, Benitolet's  
great BAKERS CASE to name a few) but  
its derelict atmosphere reminds one  
of post-nuclear Hiroshima.

deaths, crazed cults, and tragic  
accidents. Some incidents are  
actual, most are obviously staged.

If you can handle it, FACES OF  
DEATH Provides a perfectly demented  
night of viewing.

Enter supposed Doctor, Dr.  
Frances B. Gross (sort of a Johnny  
B. Goode of gore movies I guess),  
our host. "Unfortunately, medical  
science cannot always have success.  
The moment death occurs, my  
expertise is called upon. When this  
organ (he holds up preserved heart  
for all to see) ceases to function,  
the result is death, one reality we  
cannot avoid. I'm Dr. Frances B.  
Gross. I work as a pathologist, and  
over the last 20 years, I've  
compiled a library of the many faces  
of death. My travels have taken me  
all over the world, searching for  
the various situations that have  
dealt with our ultimate end. I've  
seen, with my own eyes (Griswold  
like) a myriad of experiences that

FACES OF DEATH &  
FACES OF DEATH II (date unknown)  
(in color)

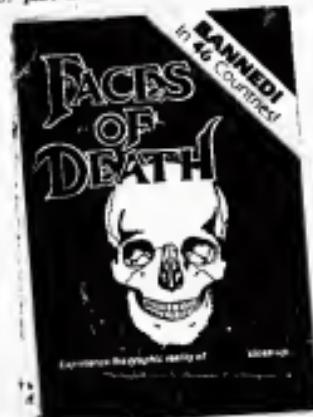
PROD: Neilynn T. Scott  
DIR: Gavan Leilaire  
SCR: Alan Black

Broadcaster & "Creative Consultant":  
Dr. Francis B. Gross

Originally, VIDOMANIA was  
supposed to be called DRIVE-IN MANIA  
or something like that, but when it  
came time to write the first issue I  
looked around and easily accepted the  
truth. Drive-Ins are a dying breed.  
Rising land costs prohibit a 6 month  
a year business. Competition from  
pay-TV services and video movie  
clubs only hurt. But incredibly  
unimaginative, inept management is  
the major culprit of Columbus' drive-in decline.

The HOLLYDAY drive-in is a prime  
example. Instead of, say, being the  
only theater in town to show an  
exploitation or horror or camp tri-  
plic bill, it chooses to screen the  
same Hollywood fare one can see at 5  
or 6 indoor houses throughout town.  
For \$4.00 a shot, you consistently  
(at least the last 10 years) get the  
flick projected to you in daylight.  
After 15 minutes or so, it BIANTS to  
get dark.

CCC drive-in has radio sound.  
Great! The only problem is that the  
hiss, pop, and crackle sounds that  
emanate from their shitty  
transmitter forces me back to the  
old pole speakers everytime. The  
EASTWALK would be great, but a  
gigantic lighted Kruger sign blares  
right into the screen and washes out  
the picture's contrast (Sunday  
night's O!, it's the one night it's  
turned off). The sound has, by far,  
the brightest, crispiest picture, and  
does show its share of exploitation



But enough of that. The loss of  
the drive-in is bittersweet because  
video has more than filled the void.  
Now one can make their house into a  
virtual 42nd Street grindhouse with  
the humdrills, maybe thousands of  
horror/exploitation titles on the  
market. Two extraordinary video  
releases, for better or worse, are  
the FACES OF DEATH movies.

....the lights dim....the VHS tape  
creeps slowly through the deck....the  
screen's frenetic snowstorms merge  
into blackness....you see:

.....a heart, a beating human heart  
exposed to the world via open-heart  
surgery (and the FACES OF DEATH  
candid cameras positioned about 2  
inches away). The faint thumping  
grows louder and louder. Out to the  
weak-in-the-knees blipping heart monitor.  
Freeze frame. The heart has  
stopped.....welcome to  
FACES OF DEATH, a pulsating,  
muttering, ultra-exploitative  
pseudo-documentary about gore

have led me to a greater awareness.  
"We have developed a world that  
refuses to recognize our own  
destiny. Many years ago, I was  
plagued with a recurring dream....  
With that over with, on with the  
gore:

HEH! An actual AUTOPSY. Not only is  
the kind Doctor nice enough to  
explicitly pick through all the  
individual organs, he snips off the  
skull and extracts the brain. For  
a bonus, watch his peel the facial  
skin off the cadaver so we know what  
a faceless, bloody head looks like.  
Of course, not to be real, he  
replaces the poor guy's face.

WITNESS! The electrocution of some  
poor sap who killed a little old  
lady for some petty cash. As usual,  
the camera dwells on the morose.  
The static lens never flinches as  
the soon to be dead's eyes are taped  
shut, so they don't pop out during  
the execution. Editing is  
non-existent as his body is  
overtaken by electricity. As his  
frame convulses and trembles, blood  
streams from his eye sockets; foam  
and spit fly spew revoltingly from  
his mouth. At first, I thought this  
scene to be fake. After it ended  
my mind was changed by the fact that



in this non-budget compilation probably didn't afford an actor who could utilize an execution THAT GOOD! I didn't bet my life on it, but I think it was real.

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND? As the Doc tries to pull off an obviously fake, staged execution of some great World Statesman, as the real thing. I've seen worse real stuff on the nightly news.

PUTTIE! As we watch some obscure jungle woman spit into an ancient recipe root solution for fermentation purposes, and then drink it. Ugh!

BRISTLE! As police cameras bring us into a suburban ex-household where Mike Lazarro, the dad, went berserk and slaughtered his family. See the bloody corpses strewn about the kitchen. This time the real sickening thing.

WATCH! The fanatical Mealmate once again leaves their fellow man wracked as *FACES OF DEATH*'s camera captures an isolated, desert decapitation. Once again, the real thing.

LAWHOR! As we witness the corny build up of a newsman and local residents trying to cover an escaped alligator. The faked footage ends with the broadcaster getting chopped.

CHOMP! As we watch a group of hopped-up, ugly Americans sit on the do-it-table treat, monkey brains. What turns out to be another fake scene turns out to be grotesquely real. And the plan's daughter and cackle are close-ups of the monkey getting its head stuffed through a hole in a table. Then the sickness begins. The two men, armed with hammers, beat the monkey savagely until it's dead (the editing gets around any actual strikes). For the fruits of their labor, they pick out the brain and eat it. Credit is given to one lady who refuses to eat it.

BECOME VEGETARIAN! As we are taught the fine art of koshering. Dear Doc intones, "One of the more grotesque slaughter techniques is the method of koshering. Blasmed by a rabbi, these slaughtered by his hand, (in the film he looks more like a regular old meatpacker) the animal bleeds to death. This is said to be a purifying process, but as the cow shakes on his own blood, I could only feel pity." He too, And, Jim, it is shown in sickening detail.

CHEW! As once again we are audience to the senseless killing of animals. It's presented with the sympathy style footage that you probably have already seen.

BE FOOGED! Into believing you are seeing an actual Devil-Cult ripping

open a corpse's abdomen and eating all the internal organs. Watch drug induced actors rip and chew kidneys while performing some sacrilegious rituals. Fake, but still not for the squeamish.

SHREK! While idiotic snake-charmers try to convince you that it's our way is right.

NEVER SAY AGAIN! *FACES OF DEATH*'s camera once again brings us up close and personal this time, to the tragic San Diego 727 mid-air collision. If you've ever wondered just what a human body looks after an air accident, look no further. One of my most vivid memories of POD is the balloonized-up mummage looking remains of the crash victims. Unreal!

TENILLE! To the inept sit-down who crashes head on into a ramp but unbelievably lives.

CHUCKLE! At the wizgit statment who tries to turn his car into a rocket so he can vault miles through the air and break Evel K's record. Of course he doesn't come alone.

By now you get the idea. Ingenious exploitation doesn't have to be good, but it always has to be sensational. Obviously MPI (the releases of these movies) made a killing at video box-office (no pun intended) because a third feature, *OF THE DEAD*, is slated to be released shortly. It promises scenes of actual body cremations and stab wound victims being treated by paramedics.

These films are of the sick, for the sick, and by the sick. A real treat for gorephiles. So, when make believe is just not enough.....



VIDEOMANIA encourages your correspondence. Write to: VIDEOMANIA, 2800 Allegheny Ave., Columbus, Ohio 43209

WHEN MAKE BELIEVE IS JUST NOT ENOUGH!

# FACES OF DEATH Part III

CAUTION: IF THE BRUTAL AND EXPLICIT DEPICTION OF ACTUAL DEATH UPSETS YOU, PLEASE DO NOT VIEW THIS FILM

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Next issue: SUMMERMANIA